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MIDDLETON

AND ITS CHURCH.

BEARING in mind that there be divers, even many Middletons in in the field, beating the renowned Richmond in that particular, let us premise, for the preliminary satisfaction of the gentle reader, that it is of the Middleton which is the half-way house between Manchester and Rochdale that we are speaking. Middleton may be approached in a variety of ways. The old route was by the coach (still traversable on foot), through Rochdale Road, where the pawnbroker, the "slink" butcher, and the dramshop-keeper strive for the mastery; Collyhurst, picturesque formerly, now given mostly to brickmaking, gas, Lancashire poetry, and strange chemicals; Harpurhey, where cotton begins to fade into silk; Moston, with its Byzantine brewery; Blackley, and its ravine, more distinctly countrified and agricultural, yet not without trades irresolute as to its being an outskirt of Middleton or an appanage of Manchester; and along a winding road for a mile or so, when we suddenly have the rapid slope of the hill of Alkrington before us, and Middleton on the opposite height, crowned by its ancient church, as a city set on a hill which cannot be hid.

Thus, in the earlier years of Her Majesty that now is, have we oft approached it, since when, as we are in the habit of remarking to our neighbour Postumus, years have slid away. In those times, also, we visited it from our (summer) holiday home, nigh where the road from Oldham crossed the canal, and leaving that road, which from the railway line becomes Tong Lane or Lone, by a footpath on the right, wander down hill through the fields to a noisy brook below, crossing which by any other mode than tamely walking over the plank bridge, we ascend again and come upon isolated cottages, where the click-ticketty noise of the silk-weaver's loom ceased as soon as the ill-favoured little bandyhewit prated of our whereabouts; then the pale-faced hard-featured man, or the night-capped wife or daughter, came out of doors, to relieve the monotony of shuttle-driving or winding by having a good stare at us as long as we were in sight. At such places we even learnt the mystery of the silk loom, the "from and to" motion with the left hand and the side to side jerk of the shuttle with the well-worn handle, we forget the name of it. We never take up a hand-screen from the mantelpiece without thinking of it; but the pedals or treadles were too much for us. And if it chanced to be a summer evening, the west wind swept the silvery tones of Middleton Church bells in careless profusion through the vale, and as far, even, as the woods about old Chadderton.

The quickest way now-a-days of reaching Middleton is by the train from Victoria Station, but let no economical traveller leave the train at Middleton *Junction* in the hope of saving an honest penny. He will find the railway officials so fond of him as to insist upon his company as far as Middleton for the ridiculously small sum of eightpence, and will fine him fourpence if he insists on getting out at the junction. So it is a case where you may go further and "fare" less. Why it should be so we cannot explain. It is a railway mystery, and of such is the dividend of the shareholder.

Or you might go—but Middleton is evidently like Rome—all roads seem to lead thither. Like Rome, also, it wasn't built in a day, for there was a "parson of Middleton" about the year 1300, before which time houses must have been built, as well as a church of some kind, and still they are building there. So Middleton can go back the respectable distance of 600 years and is "noane finished yet." Middleton is a curious compound of the manufacturing and the agricultural. Some of the best specimens of Lancashire farming may be seen in the neighbourhood, notwithstanding the bleak and inhospitable sky which overhangs it in winter. And it boasts of one of the best and most prosperous yearly agricultural shows in the county or neighbourhood. As to manufacturing, cotton is not the king it is in Oldham or Bolton. Silk was the monarch there, and now "mixed goods" are predominant. The silk and other weavers by hand of Tong Lane are a people without a match, we should think. Fancy one of them, who is hard set to find crusts every day for his children, being a good botanist and geologist; another, a very Sir Joseph Banks for butterflies; in gardening and spade husbandry they would beat the Chinese, and it is notorious that the growing of huge onions and enormous gooseberries—real ones, mind you, not those grown in the sub-editor's office—is a common and ineradicable passion.

Middleton, says the historian, was in the days of Edward the Second held by the service of half a knight's fee. What that is now we can't exactly say—you might perhaps learn at the Town-clerk's office—six and eight-pence probably. A retired attorney now holds it without any fee at all. He is not a knight, but a person who managed to scramble out of an old-fashioned office in Warrington into the London and North Western Railway Company's premises and a fortune, and when the pious Peto and his partner, who had bought the manor and other property there from the Suffield family, came to grief, Mr. William Wagstaff, gent., one &c., bought it from their creditors, and it is now his and his heirs' for ever.

The distinguishing feature of Middleton, however, is its Church. This contains specimens of architecture of various dates, portions of it having been rebuilt or added at several times. Externally, it is built chiefly of light yellowish-grey stone, having a square early tower, surmounted by a wooden belfry at the western end of a broad nave with aisles, and has a chancel at the eastern end. The chancel has been lately rebuilt according to its former design. Inside, the church used to be a model of an ill-used country church, the ground floor encumbered with what is now popularly known as a three-decker, and high straight-backed pews; a gallery at the west end, with an organ, imminent and portentous, and a large brazen candle-stick pendant from the roof, with as many arms as the fabled Vishnu or the classic Briareus. The arch, opening from the nave to the ground floor of the tower, is more distinctly Norman than the other parts of the tower; the rest of the church is pretty much as it was built or rebuilt about 1400, by Thomas of Langley, which same Thomas was born at Langley Hall, a house still in existence, and standing within a mile of the church. Thomas was evidently a man diligent in his business, and he came, consequently, to stand before kings and not before mean men. He built his church, or got it built, in a style that is as much superior to St. Saviour's, Plymouth Grove, as Westminster Abbey is to the Grosvenor Street Methodist Chapel, and was afterwards Bishop of Durham, a cardinal, and Lord Chancellor of England; thus attaining the highest dignities in Church and State next the throne.

The alterations lately made in the interior of the church are evidently in consonance with the intentions of the builder. The base of the tower has been cleared out, and, with the font standing in the centre, is used as the baptistery. The old high pews are replaced by open benches of light oak, the organ has been brought down and fitted up in the north chancel aisle, a space formerly called the rector's chapel, having been previously a chantry chapel, probably that of Bishop Langley, whose tomb, recessed in the north wall, may be seen not far off.

The chancel is separated from the nave by a high open screen of black oak, of Tudor times, the lower part being carved with heraldic designs of the Assheton's, and other notables, formerly connected with Middleton. There are stalls for the clergy inside the screen, and benches for the choir on each side the chancel; a light railing enclosed the sacrarium, where stands the old stone altar, with its five incised crosses, in commemoration of the Five Wounds, in front of a handsome carved reredos of various coloured marbles. The altar was, when we visited the church, covered with a beautifully embroidered altar-cloth. A low side door on the south side of the chancel leads down a few steps into the vestry. The old three-decker has been dismantled, and a handsome pulpit, of open carved work, stands at the head of the northern half of the nave; beside it, detached, stands a low prayer-desk, and in front of it is an oak lectern, or Bible-stand, from which the lessons are read. All, or most, of these improvements have been made with the direction and assistance of the late rector, Archdeacon Durnford, who, after being Rector of Middleton for upwards of thirty years, without anybody except perhaps his immediate neighbours

suspecting him of much, appears to have suddenly fulmined over Manchester and the country at large, for two or three years, and then settled down, a fixed star, as the Bishop of Chichester. The rest of the career of his predecessor, Thomas de Langley, is, however, closed against him. He has very little chance of becoming Lord Chancellor, and is no more likely to be made a cardinal than is John Henry Newman.

Being present on a recent Sunday morning at service at this old church of God and St. Leonard, we found it filled with worshippers. The choir and clergy came into church from the vestry through the chancel's south aisle, formerly the chapel of the Assheton's, lords of Middleton. The service was well intoned by the Rev. George Jackson, the curate, and the lessons were read and the sermon preached by the new rector, the Rev. Mr. Brewster. Mr. Brewster is a tall, intellectual man, apparently in the prime of life, whose hair has evidently, as we hear of M. Jules Favre's, whitened with other snows than those of age. He preached, in obedience to the bishop's pastoral, in aid of the French Relief Fund. The discourse was eminently plain and to the point, and did not exceed a quarter of an hour. *O, si sic omnes!* As the new rector cannot well rebuild the church or refit it, we fear there is no chance for him to imitate his predecessors and become a bishop, so that he will have to remain rector of Middleton, and, as long as he does so, we are of opinion that his parishioners may think themselves very well off indeed for a parson.

But the people we have mentioned are not the only celebrities which Middleton has furnished to the country. There was a Sir Ralph Assheton of this ilk, a lord of Middleton, who was a favourite commander of Richard III., and was by him made vice-constable of England. His grandson, Sir Richard Assheton, highly distinguished himself at Flodden Field, and took two persons of rank his prisoners. He was knighted on the field, and his standard and armour are now to be seen in Middleton Church. In these days he would probably have been made a baronet, but there was no such detestable invention known in those days. Each man was rewarded for what he himself did. Another Assheton was, later on, general of the Parliamentary forces in Lancashire, and the Middleton club-men fought bravely against the Royalist forces at Bolton-le-Moors. Moreover, prior to Queen Elizabeth's time even, there was a good school at Middleton, where were educated, among others, two lads, of whom one, Alexander Nowell, became Dean of St. Paul's, and was the author of the best part of the Church Catechism now in use. He was also a controversialist, quoted with approval, by Hooker, against the Puritans. His brother Robert said, a few hours only before his death, to him, "Forget not Middleton school, where we and others of our brethren were taught in our childhood." The dean forgot neither his brother nor the school, for he spent a large part of his fortune in rebuilding the school and purchasing an endowment for it, of which latter he was afterwards cheated, and he was reduced, or rather reduced himself, to great poverty in trying to keep up the school, and maintain out of his own income the poor scholars who came thence to Oxford.

Issuing from church into the high breezy land of the surrounding church-yard, we breathed again the cool pure air as we surveyed the country round. Descending shortly, we again gained the high road, and at the top of the hill near Aikrington, on our way on foot to Manchester, we turned at the curve of the road and took a last look at Middleton and its grand old church.

MR. RUSKIN ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

The first thing is to be quiet, calm, and modest. The painter should like the landscape he is going to draw better than his own sketch of it. His one idea must be *not* "How can I make a pretty picture of this scene?" but "How can I give a person who has not seen the place a good idea of it?" To place the spectator, as it were, in the original scene is the aim of all true Art.—*Lecture at Oxford, January 26.*

MRS. DICKENS.—The lady who wrote the letter signed "A Happy Married Woman" would greatly oblige by sending her address to the Editor.

AN EVENING WITH THE SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS.

SCIENCE is so alluring to the active mind which has obtained a glimpse of its hidden wonders, that it is not surprising that many people employed through the day in bread-winning occupations should find an evening recreation in scientific study. When one considers the unromantic and practical, but at the same time inquiring and enterprising, character of the Lancashire mind, the wonder perhaps is that the votaries of science in Manchester are not more numerous than they are. Of all studies there is none so calculated to produce an increase of mental power, or to endow the student with an enlarged capacity for appreciating things in general, as is the study of natural law, and there are few studies so peculiarly calculated to meet the requirements of a working people. It appears to us that the associations which exist in our midst for the purpose of promoting and increasing the taste for scientific inquiry, are far from being the least philanthropic or enlightened agencies for hastening the advent of that Utopian state of society which men are fond of predicting. Not that science when pursued only for purposes of gain prevents the development of those vices of jealousy, pride, and selfishness which seem inseparably attached to competitive humanity. But science pursued with love and intelligence, and with a receptive mind, rewards its followers perhaps more richly than even any of the arts.

The title of the Scientific Students' Association is not so suggestive of pleasant rambling as is that of the Field Naturalists' Society. While either title to a certain extent may contain the other, the former rather calls up thoughts of study than flirtation; of keen and sustained inquiry than of casual and unconsecutive questioning; of men than of women. It suggests the idea of an association which is as busy in the winter as in the summer; when the weather is rainy as when it is fine; on cold, star-lit evenings as when Nature has on her robe of rejoicing. Thinking of the excursions of such an association we involuntarily have visions of descents into coal-pits, rambles into clay-fields, scrambles in quarries, visits to chemists' shops, and occasional walks round dissecting-rooms. In a few words, the latter title seems indicative of play, with a tinge of science, the former of science with a tinge of play. How far the title represents the association we do not know, but with these ideas in our mind we were not surprised to find the staircase and landing leading to the Memorial Hall presenting on the night of the Scientific Students' Soirée, an appearance of much more business-like activity and bustle than we had observed on the occasion of our spending an evening with the Field Naturalists. On entering the cloak-room, it seemed to be Saturday night with the diminutive youth who officiates as avuncular relative in that apartment—he had such a pressure of business on hand. He was not too much engaged, however, to be able, somewhat prematurely, to inform us that he could not be responsible for our garments except on receipt of the sum of one penny. At the Field Naturalists' soirée we were allowed to give, in a loose manner, whatever we pleased; but this "price one penny," seemed like an established and clearly-defined law, and therefore a foretaste of science in earnest.

On reaching the hall our impressions concerning the strength and activity of the Association were deepened. How many of those present were like ourselves, merely casual visitors, we could not estimate, but the room was full, and most uncomfortably so. Many of the faces present we had also met at the Field Naturalist soirée; indeed, we have been informed that in respect to a considerable portion of their members the two societies are identical. As a whole, however, the scientific gathering had a less aristocratic look than the botanical one. There was a number of boys of that hard-headed class who seem quick to pick up information, and many young men with apparently a far keener interest in the objects exhibited than in the ladies present. The evening was announced as a microscopical one, and the tables were covered with a varied collection of specimens and instruments. But if there is one thing which we individually are unable to do, it is to begin in the middle of a thing. To get to the tables at all was a work of difficulty, and when arrived there we were compelled to inspect at random, only at the beginning of our observation to find that we were preventing some lady either from passing up the room, or from examining the object in our possession. We appealed to one or two friends whom we knew to be members of the association to act the *cicerone*, and take us round the

room. We must have appealed to the wrong people, as they confessed their utter inability to do so. Would it not be better on these evenings if, instead of such a varied assemblage of objects, one or two special subjects were completely, and in a detailed manner, illustrated? The contribution which attracted the greatest attention was an anything but microscopical specimen of a turret-clock. It looked more like a heavy weighing or lifting machine than an instrument to mark the course of such a noiseless, fairy-footed thing as time.

The programme comprised three short lectures in explanation of three series of views illustrative of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, the views to be shown by means of the oxy-hydrogen light. Warned by previous experience of the difficulty of hearing amateur lecturers at a distance, we took the precaution to place ourselves near the screens on which the views were to be shown, and awaited the completion of the preliminary preparations. When everything was ready Mr. Hardy exhibited a short series of photographs representing parts of members of the insect tribe greatly magnified. Owing to the position of the lantern we are quite sure that the views were invisible to many persons present, and we fear that the lecturer's voice was inaudible to many more; but the lecture and illustrations were admirable as far as they went, showing very briefly but rather effectively the mechanical perfection, the wonderful minuteness, and the overflowing loveliness of the Creator's handiwork as evidenced in the formation of the smallest members of the living world. In a darkened room, amidst a crowd of warehouses, and surrounded by commonplace associations, we had for a few moments a glimpse of Infinity. The most curious specimen shown to us was an object very much resembling a perfect lobster magnified several times. While looking at it we heard of tubes, and saws, and probes. It was startling to be brought back to the fact that the thing which contained a chest of tools so neatly folded up in itself was only the tongue of a bee, and the place in which the operations described took place simply the cup of a flower. Our feelings resembled those of Voltaire's *Micromégas* when that intelligent visitor from the star Sirius, reclining along our northern zone, discovered by means of a powerful magnifying glass the accomplishments of that infinitesimal race of beings which we call humanity. *Il ne faut juger de rien sur sa grandeur apparente.*

The first good point which we observed in Mr. Charles Bailey, who was the second lecturer, was an evident intention on his part to be heard all over the room. We likewise missed that nonchalance of manner which he displayed when addressing the Field Naturalists. From this we received an impression, rightly or wrongly, that he respected his present audience more than the former one. As a lecturer Mr. Bailey is very clever. His explanations are always lucid; his illustrations apt and familiar. In his choice of subjects—as also in his selection of specimens for exhibition—he seems to us to evince a true love of science. For instance, on the present evening his theme was Woody Sections. A mere dabbler in science would not be a likely person to see anything worth observing in the grain, or what Mr. Bailey would term the "weaving" of wood, as seen in sections cut from the tree transversely, longitudinally, and obliquely. He would think it was too much like science in a joiner's shop. It is nevertheless from such experimental observation that knowledge has received its richest acquisitions, and men of science have been able to make their most brilliant discoveries. True science is essentially a common-place study, having to do especially with common-place objects. Its greatest truths lie concealed in the phenomena with which we are most familiar. As Mr. Bailey proceeded with his exhibition he contrived to make the subject increase in interest. But time and personal discomfort on the part of his audience were against him, and his remarks were brought to a somewhat hasty conclusion.

We had not sufficient power of endurance to remain near the screens long enough to hear the whole of the remarks of Mr. Plant, who succeeded Mr. Bailey. Apart from the crowded and apparently unventilated state of the upper end of the room, a hot fire made our position quite unbearable. We just remained to see Mr. Plant exhibit one or two geological views, and then sought a cooler atmosphere at the other extremity of the apartment. Here we found that a conversazione was being held in earnest. Whether or not science was the topic of the various talkers we cannot say; but judging from appearances we should say not. Indeed, regarding the evening as a whole, we were forcibly reminded of Whateley's advice to young writers—not to attempt to say all they can on a subject. With a slight modification, it seemed to us to be equally sound advice to the organizers of Scientific soirées, who should not attempt to do all they can in an evening. We are far from supposing that the ordinary operations of the Scientific Students partake of the varied and necessarily superficial character of the soirée proceedings. We gathered from some remarks made by Mr. Plant, after the conclusion of his lecture, that the soirées are only intended to be a kind of public advertisement of the society, and that they are conducted with a view to attracting new members to its ranks. It seems to us to be a great mistake to suppose that a maximum of variety is attractive or pleasing, even to casuals at such gatherings. Even if pleasing to a certain extent at the time, the impressions which remain the day after are not generally particularly vivid. The human mind never enjoys vague notions or half-ideas; it is greatly delighted if it receives one complete new idea. We venture to say, for instance, that a finished lecture on such a subject—woody sections—would have left on the average mind far more enjoyable remembrances of an evening with the Scientific Students than could be produced by the crowded programme adopted. We offer these criticisms with all due deference to the Manchester Scientific Students' Association. The first time we spent an evening with that organization was some six or seven years ago, in a dark room in Ridgefield. Since that time we believe it has been the means of making many acquainted with the delights which are inseparable from intellectual life..

FOOTBALL.

LIVERPOOL *v.* MANCHESTER.

UNDER exceptionally favourable circumstances the return football match, Liverpool against Manchester, was played last Saturday on the ground of the Athletic Club, at Whalley Range. The air was bright, spring-like, and almost warm. This state of things had probably much to do with the attendance, which was considerably larger than we have been accustomed to see at these matches. On the roads, which skirt the ground on three sides, were drawn up vehicles of all orders, from the aristocratic wagonette, drawn by a pair of showy horses, to hansom cabs and the still humbler four-wheeler, whose drivers survey the game with breathless eagerness and the keenest possible appreciation of the hard fighting. Horsemen, two, of every degree and ability were there. Within the low railing which surrounds the ground were the rank and file of lookers-on, who stand in rows, two or three deep, all round the boundary line. There are many ladies, who probably feel, and certainly assume, a vast interest in the proceedings.

The bright uniform of the players, the ceaseless rushing to and fro, and the endless combinations and varieties of arrangement make the sight of any football match pretty and stirring. So much the merest ignoramus can discover for himself. Then, again, football, so far as its main end is concerned, is not hard to understand. The fine points of play, and even such mysteries as are involved in the phrases "touch down," "off your side," and so forth, it is not given to everyone to comprehend. But every individual on or about the field can understand that Liverpool is trying to force the ball towards the Independent College, while the Manchester players are striving with every faculty of body and mind to prevent so undesirable a consummation, and in their turn to send the ball towards the opponents' goal, at the end of the field nearest Withington Road. The players on either side are divided into sections, each having different duties, and requiring special qualifications. The most numerous are the "players up." They have the heavy, rough fighting to do. Behind them are the "half backs," who never go to the head of the struggle, but hover on its skirts. They seize the ball when it comes out on their side, and send it back into the enemy's quarters. Behind them are the "backs"—the goal keepers—who keep watch and ward over the ball when by some piece of ill luck or good play it approaches them.

Let us look a little more in detail at the struggle which is being fought before us. The ball has, by a good kick, been sent well towards the Manchester goal, and the Liverpool representatives rush after it in fierce pursuit. But it is stopped in its course. Notice the slightly-built, active-looking man who has the ball. That is Grave, one of Manchester's

best players. Master is he of every trick and feint which shall lead to the downfall of an enemy. Utterly fearless, yet cool and wary, he is a terrible opponent to meet, and few are they who successfully elude him. His "ducks," once white, are now bedaubed and soiled, telling of many a fierce struggle and some contact with mother earth. Grasping the ball, he rushes towards the other goal. Passage is impossible, and it seems that both he and the ball will be inevitably overwhelmed in the oncoming flood of enemies. But, with wonderful quickness, he finds time to kick the ball far away towards the other end of the field before he is quite reached. The ball falls just outside the side-boundary, and is quickly touched down by the first player who can grasp it. Then it is out of play and the opponents range themselves into two lines. The ball is then tossed into the midst. Each side closes upon it, and the whole of the players up are speedily knitted into a struggling, writhing mass. This is a scrimmage, and in its thick are much glory and many kicks to be achieved. The ball is forced out on the Liverpool side, but only to be sent away again by one of the dodgers who seizes it on its emerging from the crush. So, with varying fortune the game goes on; but, through all the struggling, an unpleasant conviction forces itself upon us that we of Manchester are getting a little the worst of it. As yet no goal has been made, but the ball has far too strong a tendency to keep close on the Manchester goal. Not that either side has gained any important advantage. Our hopes are by no means slight, and when the murmur goes round that Maclaren has the ball, we are quite prepared to expect something pleasant. Maclaren is, as every good Mancunian ought to know, a very celebrated runner, and with the ball tucked under his arm, he speeds away at an amazing rate. Surely he will need all his strength and skill to achieve his object. One by one of the enemy he passes, outrunning this one, dodging past the next, and fairly running over the next. Well run, Maclaren, is the cry. But all this takes a little time, and enemies are closing thick around him. They rush on him in a body—a mighty struggle—and he is hurled to the ground still holding his prize, and upsetting one or two of his opponents. Over their recumbent frames each side gathers, and again a mighty scrimmage follows.

When half time was called no goal had yet been made, but Liverpool has the advantage. A minute or two of breathing time is snatched whilst the players changed sides. Here and there it may be seen that some limp painfully, and torn and soiled clothes tell of the hardness of the fighting. The Manchester team have now to kick towards the College, but the alteration makes little difference in the aspect of the game. The struggle is ever fierce and never one-sided; but still fortune inclines toward the strangers: at one time they have the ball within a few feet of the Manchester goal line, and all the exertions of our players barely succeed in averting the danger. The peril is at last overcome. But a worse fate even than this awaits our representatives. A Liverpool player, beautifully quick and stalwart, has the ball, and by some wonderful display evades the nearest opponent, and fairly out-runs all who pursue him. He has even passed Grave triumphantly: has only one more player to escape. He wishes to intercept him amid mingled cries of "Look out, Osborne," and "Well played, Liverpool." Osborne catches him, closes on him, and the two fall together. So near a thing is this that an appeal has to be made, which is decided in favour of Liverpool, and they are to have a trial goal. The ball is carried some little distance in a straight line from the place where it was touched down. Then a chosen player does his best to kick the ball over the cross-bar. Fortunately for Manchester, the position is a bad one, it being almost impossible to get enough side on the ball. The kick is a good one, but still misses its object, and we breathe again with something like freedom.

Though no goal was gained, the game was all through a little against Manchester. Each side fought well; with the fierce pertinacity of bull-dogs. But Liverpool worked better together, and showed the advantage to be derived from careful drill. It was almost painful to hear the sad tone in which one of the Manchester twenty made the humiliating confession that the game *was* sufficiently won and lost to decide bets.

The *North British Review*, formerly the organ of the Free Kirk, but for the last year and a half of the Liberal Roman Catholics, under the editorship of Lord Acton, has issued its last number.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"VANITY FAIR."

IT is not to be expected that a newspaper should be rigidly consistent. The product of so many minds as go towards making up a paper cannot fail to be tinged more or less with the colours of the rainbow. But those readers who expect that editors will, at least, take care that their favourite organ shall preserve the same general tone, must be rarely puzzled if they try to reconcile the different opinions given utterance to at different times. In the pages of the *Daily News* especially, and of the London newspapers in general, have recently appeared the most eulogistic and elaborate reviews of the new volume of *Vanity Fair*. The noble object of this publication is to give each week a caricature of the physical peculiarities of some more or less public character, exaggerated to the offensiveness and vulgarity of a penny valentine. It is amusing to contrast the eulogies passed by the press upon these lampoons of physical peculiarities which their possessors cannot help, simply and solely with the almost universal shout of unmitigated and insolent censure with which a well-known author was recently cried down for incorporating in criticisms of literary works simple and unexaggerated descriptions of the personal appearance of their authors. If a libel is that which holds a person up to public ridicule and contempt—which is, we believe, the legal definition of a libel—then, these pictures in *Vanity Fair* are the most atrocious and offensive libels that have been published in this country for some years: and in not setting them down as such, the press is guilty of one of the most flagrant pieces of favouritism, or one of the grossest inconsistencies of judgment which it is possible for public servants to exhibit.

THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

That inexhaustible fund of information and amusement, the correspondence columns of our daily contemporaries, presented in the pages of the *Examiner* of Saturday last a delicious morsel. A gentleman of the name of "Bruto," whose literary style is of a somewhat foggy character, desired the publication of certain facts of which he declared himself an eye-witness. His complaint was that a cheque to the amount of £775, payable by the city treasurer, had been found by "a soldier of a most distinguished and gallant corps at present engaged in the recruiting service," and after much trouble had been restored to its proper owner, and that somebody, left very vague, had offered the distinguished and gallant doer of this distinguished and gallant deed the paltry dole of one shilling, which was declined with dignified silence. We have to observe upon this that if Bruto was an eye-witness of all these circumstances, he must either be the gallant and distinguished hero of his own tale, or else be united to that person in bonds as close as the link which unites the celebrated twins of Siam. However, in the next issue but one of the same paper, appears a very neatly-written letter of the city treasurer's, explaining that the "cheque" was nothing more than the ordinary form issued to the creditors of the Corporation, instructing them when and where to apply for payment of their account on the presentation of the same form *signed*. Now, as the document in question bore no signature, it was worth nothing more than its value as waste paper. Consequently, when the gallant and distinguished soldier was offered a shilling as a recognition of his honesty, he was offered about a thousand times the value of what he had found. The city treasurer adds that if the finder of the document imagined that it was a cheque, the schoolmaster of the distinguished and gallant corps must have been absent for some time on foreign service; which is very good for the city treasurer. In the words of another distinguished and gallant soldier, at present engaged in the apothecary service, we would say, "Thank you, good sir, we owe you one." At the same time, if the good man supposed that he had really found a valuable document, his honesty in not appropriating it was just as great as if he had in very fact found such a treasure. But a document of such a sort could not possibly have been appropriated without entailing personal and unpleasant intercourse with Mr. West, Q.C., M.P., recorder, and with Mr. Sykes, chief warder of the city gaol. And even if it could, a gallant and distinguished soldier ought not to expect to be paid for being commonly honest. Remuneration for trouble taken or expense incurred stands, of course, on a different footing; but there is a mawkish notion prevalent that if a man doesn't get well paid for no

being a thief, he is almost justified in turning one. The recruiting officer who found this paper did his duty as a soldier should, but he is not necessarily a distinguished and gallant hero, and he had better in future try and make those injudicious frends who think him so, preserve that dignified silence on the subject which he is said to have preserved upon the subject of the shilling.

CLERICAL RECIPROCITY.

In due course the Manchester Clergy Society will, like our other societies, be discussed in the *Sphinx*, but we must step a little out of our beaten paths to notice a rather remarkable paper read before it at its last meeting by the Rev. C. T. Watson, rector of the Church of the Ascension in Lower Broughton. Mr. Watson's text was Clerical Reciprocity. Defining Clerical Reciprocity to mean free trade among clerks of the Church of England, under the head PARISH, he shewed the spiritual weaknesses of the parochial system, and urged a mutual agreement for its modification in times of emergency. At present it is an ecclesiastical offence for a clergyman of one parish to administer the Sacrament of Baptism, however urgent the case, in his brother's parish, without first having obtained leave so to do. Under PULPIT, Mr. Watson exposes the monotonous baldness and poverty of the average run of sermons, and points out how impossible it is for it to do otherwise under existing circumstances. Three sermons a week and parish work are more than any average or super-average man can do and do it well. As a remedy, a frequent exchange of pulpits is recommended on a definite plan. The Wesleyans come in for their fair share of praise. "A Wesleyan can generally interest his congregation; and, as a matter of fact, he always has a congregation to interest. Owing to a frequent change he has not so many sermons to prepare, and he can study those he has prepared." Perhaps the best thing in the paper is the hard blow struck right in the face of the Cathedral authorities. "The Cathedral clergy are too isolated from the parochial clergy, and consequently from the bulk of the people, to be loved or appreciate for their work's sake." As a farewell blow, Mr. Watson adds, "that a scheme on the principle of Reciprocity, touching upon Cathedral endowments, will be brought about ere long, by which District Churches will be benefitted pecuniarly, and in this respect at least will shine in the lights of their Cathedral Mother. Under the head PARSON, Mr. Watson complains of the exclusiveness of his brother clerks, and hints that private courtesy and friendship are not flourishing plants amongst the Manchester clergy. How Mr. Watson or his proposals fared among his brother clergy in the discussion that followed, we do not know; but a little plain speaking like this is positively refreshing to laymen, and very acceptable.

COURT AND CANINE.

Lord Lurgan's dog, Master M'Grath, has left Brownlow House, Lurgan, *en route* to Windsor Castle.

WE are happy to chronicle the event announced above. Master M'Grath has gone through the courtly reception unscathed—that is to say, he has not been knighted. Any attempt to make the accolade over his intelligent head might have led to mischievous consequences, and the aggrieved dog might have attached himself by the teeth to the calves of one of the lords in waiting. First catch your hare is a maxim which Master M'Grath has not neglected, and consequently he has successfully passed the examination which the late Mrs. Glasse prescribed for cooks. Master M'Grath received a biscuit from Her Most Gracious Majesty, and therein has surpassed in courtly achievements many a man of letters in England who has not been blessed even with a bit of bread—when he wanted it—from the same august source. *Cave canem* must, therefore, be the motto of exiguous literateurs for the future. The dog days have set in at Windsor with their accustomed severity. It would have been risky to have offered Master M'Grath a glass of water; lest his refusal to partake of that crystal entertainment might have suggested unpleasant consequences. His trainer was presented with a silver whistle by Prince Leopold, which was a delicate way of saying in Scotch to the Irish retainer of Lord Lurgan

> Should Master M'Grath in the future gae mad,
> Whestle, and I'll come tu thee, my lad.

What Master M'Grath's notion of his reception was we shall never know. Suffice it to say that he aroused a Royal interest which is not easily set a-going by animals of intelligence who have only half his number of legs. The trainer must have felt rather small as soon as he had done feeling rather large. On the next reception day we understand Dr. Hopkinson, the Senior Wrangler, and his private tutor are to be summoned for biscuits and a silver whistle in the Royal Courts of Windsor.

THE BLACK FLAG IN LIVERPOOL.

IN times gone by, whenever any deadly plague visited a city, it was the custom to mark the doors of stricken houses with a red cross. The object was twofold, partly religious and partly to give warning to the unsmitten to avoid contagion. At the present moment many of the streets of Liverpool are under a similar ban, though in place of the red cross a black flag is hoisted. Small-pox is the chief of Liverpool plagues just now, and so deadly is its fatality that the mortality amongst its victims is almost twice as great as it is from the same cause in the most overcrowded parts of London. Something must be terribly wrong there, for from its natural advantages Liverpool ought to rank amongst our healthiest towns. Whatever the peculiar defects of Liverpool may be we shall not at present enquire into them, but leaving Professor Jevons and Mr. Wilkinson to fight over the Irish question, and Dr. Trench and his Health Committee to decide on the rival merits of water-closets *versus* privies, rather urge earnest attention to those weaknesses which we have in common, and about which there can be and ought to be no second opinion.

Firstly, however contagious and infectious the disease, it is quite possible, by proper means and precautions, to prevent its spreading over more than a limited area. The word "contagious" implies the necessity of contact. The sister term "infectious" equally implies conditions favourable for infection, together with the infective principle. Now, no sane person doubts but that if these Liverpool plague spots had not been grossly overcrowded, fewer people would have come in contact with the disease, and therefore the spread of the plague would have been by so much the more limited. In all contagious diseases the golden rule is—"isolate the patients." Attendants must wait on them, but those attendants in turn must be isolated too. So with infectious diseases: the first precaution is to disinfect. Thanks to modern chemistry, we now know that with carbolic acid and with chlorine the active principles of fevers can be killed and rendered harmless. Chlorine kills them out-and-out, and carbolic acid entirely destroys their peculiar leaven-like character, and is decidedly the best anti-zymotic known. Armed with these two weapons, the deadly enemies, infection and contagion, are little to be feared. There is no limit to the application of carbolic acid, either as the powder commonly sold by our chemists in the canisters, or as a liquid diluted with water. Chlorine, too, except in the presence of the sick, ought to be equally universal in its application, only care is necessary in its preparation.

The lessons that Liverpool now teaches us are these. Take immediate steps to diminish overcrowding, and see, through a competent staff of inspectors of nuisances, that the whole city is at once disinfected. The first of these remedies is a hard one effectually to apply. The question of where to find house-room for the lowest of the lower classes is more easily put than answered, but that does not excuse a solution not being found to the problem. It certainly is not too much to say, at the present day, that every able-bodied man ought to be able to provide a decent roof for his family. Enquire, as we have done, into the circumstances of the overcrowded, and it will be found that it is not absolute want of money that causes overcrowding. Visiting that vile class of property known as "houses sub-let in lodgings" will soon disabuse those who believe in such a fiction, and, at the same time, awaken them to the inevitableness of the spread of disease when once introduced into such hot-beds.

This overcrowding is a question which has sadly been overlooked both by town councils and by political economists, and yet it is one of the chiefest of causes of excessive mortality. It exaggerates all other evils, and it indirectly causes, not mere physical disease only, but what is far worse, moral disease as well. It is not for us to be officious, but the suggestion that our Officers of Health should speedily furnish reports on the state of our overcrowded dwellings is very respectfully made.

The second remedy, or rather precaution, is one much more easy of application. With a map of Manchester and Salford before us we could point out the localities in which infectious diseases would run riot. At once all these fever nests should be visited, and every room, every bed, and every blanket disinfected. After disinfection a supply of carbolic acid should be periodically served out to each tenement. Every ashpit, too, should receive a dose of chlorine, and the dose should be often repeated. If this is left to the people themselves it will not be done, but if it is done for them they may soon be taught, and indeed made, to do it for themselves. We have nuisance inspectors in abundance, but few of them take sufficient personal interest in their clients or patients. The moral force of an inspector ought to be as great, nay greater, than his legal force. With good inspectors and with systematic inspection there need not be a filthy court in the district, and the filthy houses might become gradually few and far between.

A great deal of responsibility also lies at the doors of cottage property owners. The owner of a cellar is bound morally not to let that cellar unless it is fairly habitable, and then only to an exceptional tenant. We long for the time when cellar dwellings shall have ceased to exist, but we admit the difficulty and the hardship of wholesale compulsory closure, but we think that the advice of the Salford Health Committee, "that owners of cellars should only let them to aged or childless couples" to be good and practicable. Had it been acted upon, the cellar dwelling question would have gradually wrought its own cure.

While drawing attention to two great questions it must not be understood that such questions as vaccination, drainage, and general improvements have been overlooked, but situated so near to Liverpool as is Manchester, it can hardly be hoped that small-pox will pass us by unvisited. Two deaths have already been reported within the last fortnight. At least, forewarned is forearmed, and we are only doing our duty in urgently insisting on preventative measures. Mortuaries for the reception of the dead from infectious diseases we have none; neither in all this city is there a single apparatus in which clothes and bedding can be disinfected. When a single blanket can convey disease to every person who touches it, does it not seem almost enormous that no steps have been taken to provide each district with an apparatus, the cost of which need not exceed a few pounds? We have written strongly, but it is only by taking such steps as we have pointed out that our city can be saved the disgrace of seeing the Black Flag hoisted in her streets.

SHAKESPERIANA.

At the sale of the Corser library, in London, a unique collection of Shakespere's works was disposed of. The first four folio editions fetched respectively £160, £49, £77, and £12. A second quarto copy of the *Merchant of Venice*, £22; a second quarto of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, £26; the *King Lear* of 1608, £26. 10s.; the first edition of *Troylus and Cressid*, £37; *Othello*, 1630, £5. 10s.; and *Romeo and Juliet*, 1637, £11. But the greatest rarity in the sale was the original edition of the *Sonnets*, 1609, which, although the title-page and leaf of dedication were in *fac-simile*, reached £45; next in interest were the *Venus and Adonis*, which reached £55, being one of the only two perfect copies known (the other is in the British Museum); and the *Poems* of 1640, duodecimo, quite perfect, £41. These three last were all purchased by Mr. Addington, who a year ago gave the very sporting price of £200 for an exceedingly fine copy of the third folio.

SANCHO'S WALLET.

By Edwin Waugh.

MELANCHOLY SYMPTOM.

(Ailse meets Jenny, crying.)

Ailse.—Jenny, lass; what's to do wi'tho?

Jenny.—Our Jack's gooin' to dee.

Ailse.—Eh, whatever makes tho think so?

Jenny.—*He's never said a wrang word to me this three week.*

A WHOLESOME BITTER.

(Sarcastic old sinner meets a neighbour returning from chapel.)

Cynic.—Wheer'sto bin Joe?

Joe.—To't chapel.

Cynic.—What were th' text?

Joe.—Summat about th' gospel havin' free course.

Cynic.—Well, it's free course enough wi' some on yo; for it goes in at one ear an' out at tother.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

(A traveller calls at a road-side public-house for a glass of ale, and finds it very poor. Forgetting his former visit, he calls again, a week after.)

Traveller.—Mistress, bring me a glass of ale.

Landlady.—Maister, yo'd better try summat else; our ale's deead.

Traveller—*(Remembering his first visit)*.—Ay; I dar say it is, bi now. It wur in a wake state o' Thursday.

A CHEERFUL RECLUSE.

There is society where none intrudes.—Byron.

(A traveller wanders, alone, across the moors, among wild plover, grouse, and straggling sheep, till he becomes impressed by the solemnity of his own presence. At last, he spies a lonely farm-house, where he rests a while and chats with the farmer.)

Traveller—*(To the farmer)*.—This is a very lonely spot. You must feel the want of company very much.

Farmer.—Oh, nay; we're noan so ill off for that. About a fortnit sin (since), there were a mak (make, kind) of a tinker coom by; an', now, there's yorsel', yo see'n.

PAY *v.* PAIN.

(Joel o' Thunger's goes to the doctor to have a tooth drawn. The doctor lances the gum and draws the tooth so easily that Joel remains seated, with his mouth wide open).

Doctor.—You may shut your mouth, now; the tooth's out.

Joel.—It never is,—is it?

Doctor.—Yes. There it is, see.

Joel.—Well,—what's th' damage?

Doctor.—Eighteen-pence.

Joel.—Eighteen-pence! Nay; noan so! I's gi' noan sich brass! Yo'n done nought at me! What, Barber Jack poo'd me three times round th' shop, th' last time,—an' he nobbut charges thri-pence!

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

(A country fellow, at a Lancashire Rushbearing, stands, in amazement, watching a street-musician who is playing a trombone—an instrument he has never seen before. His friend, Tom, comes up.)

Tom.—What arto starin' at, Sam?

Sam.—Doesto see that chap playing that brass thing?

Tom.—Ay. What bi that?

Sam.—Well; is he reet in his yed, thinksto?

Tom.—Ay. What ails him?

Sam.—Well, he looks as if he never knowed when he had it th' reet length.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

(Old market-woman, who has been accustomed to ride home from market, eighteen miles, in a cart, goes home by rail for the first time).

Porter—*(At the end of the journey)*.—Out here, for Turnipthorpe!

Market-woman.—What; we're noan theer bi now, are we?

Porter.—Yes. Out here, for Turnipthorpe!

Market Woman.—Nay; I's get noan out yet,—not I! What, I haven't bin in mony minutes! I could ha' ridden o' neet i'th cart for less brass nor this!

TIMON OF ATHENS.

MR. CHARLES CALVERT has announced his intention of rallying his Shakesperean friends once more about him, and we, by way of glad anticipation, lose no time in expressing our readiness to respond to the call. His annual benefit is fixed for Monday next, and *Timon of Athens* is to be the play. This is a piece which, as a stage production, will have all the attraction of an absolute novelty in Manchester, while, as a managerial venture, we make bold to bespeak for it a striking and sustained success. We flatter ourselves we may say this much with a clear apprehension of the difficulties of the undertaking, for the simple reason that we have seen these surmounted with less than a tithe of the scenic resources and other advantages at the disposal of Mr. Calvert. It is well nigh a quarter of a century since Mr. Phelps brought out the play in London. We recollect it as a fine firm piece of acting throughout. The prodigal luxuriance of mind as well as of purse, in the first half of the play, was in noble contrast, in the last two acts, with the selfish bitterness of a soul capable of the loftiest aspirations, but concentrating and degrading its mighty energies to the mean purpose of hate. Nothing short of a thorough and predominant feeling of the part could have produced such a display of energetic accuracy. There was also in Mr. Phelps's acting a remarkable union of the lofty with the little, of passion with dignity, of vanity with pride.

The more Timon ruminates, the more exasperated he becomes, and his previous exalted position and renown, which should have preserved him, add but to his infatuation. It is a wide moral of Shakespere's that the master-passion of a diseased mind makes poison of everything. This, however, is something too much *a la* Schlegel, and upon the whole we think the great German critic rather too severe upon Timon. We agree with him that of all Shakespere's works *Timon of Athens* possesses most the character of satire—a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites, and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. "Timon," said the eminent lecturer to the Viennese students, "was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman; he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the *juste milieu*. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular in both the parts that he plays had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness as well as in his anchoritical seclusion. This is particularly evident in the incomparable scene where the cynic Apemantus visits Timon in the wilderness. They have a sort of competition with each other in their trade of misanthropy"—and, the lecturer might have added, they don't agree.

Among the many effective passages we look forward to in Mr. Calvert's performance on Monday evening, we may name the scene in which Timon is first undeceived (in which he delivers a set of speeches in which all hostile figures of speech are exhausted—a perfect dictionary of eloquent imprecations); the scene of the mock banquet of steaming water; and the closing view, where

> Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the breachèd verge of the salt flood;
> Which once a day with his embossèd froth,
> The turbulent surge shall cover.

In its purely scenic aspect, we may expect that a great feature will be made of the banqueting scene in the second tableau, where Miss Angelina Claude will appear as Cupid, and Mr. Archer as Apemantus. The instructions in the text will justify the most gorgeous setting.

The interest of this revival is increased, not only by the fact that this will be the first production of the play in Manchester, but, we believe, its second in England—the prior experiment being the one mentioned above, with which the name of Mr. Phelps is honourably associated. Mr. Phelps, in the instance of *Timon*, proved the truth of Mr. Manager Chatterton's renowned dictum that "Shakespere doesn't pay," but, as our readers very well know, we have but a poor opinion of the critical or appreciative capacity of London playgoers. *Timon of Athens* is supposed to have been written in 1610, when Shakespere was forty-six years old. It was not printed during his life-time, but first appeared in the folio of 1623. It is one of the six plays whose dates are not ascertainable by the time of their publication, by the notices of contemporaries, or by the record of their performances—the others being *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Cymbeline*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. It is almost beyond question that it was never acted in Shakespere's lifetime, nor, as we have said, transferred from the book to the stage until the present century. Whether it is likely to be successful as an acting drama remains to be seen, and the first chance of proof is now about to be afforded. Our own opinion is that it is purely a dramatic poem, adapted only for the closet, but we shall be glad to be convinced to the contrary.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE TROUT.

[SALMO FARIO.]

THE March winds are sweeping merrily over country and town—singing through the leafless branches, footing it merrily across meadows still brown from the frosts of winter, and bringing a thousand laughing dimples on the face of streamlet and lake. The sportsman notes these signs; takes his fly book from the dusty receptacle in which it has so long hybernated; examines worn casting lines and faded lures; recalls old triumphs, and anticipates new victims, for the trout have left the deeper pools, and are once more on the shallows, eagerly watching every insect that floats near them.

Of all aquatic denizens of our English waters the Salmo Fario is at once the most beautiful and most prized. The naturalist admires his golden tints and scarlet spots, the salesman respects him as the representative of fourteen pence per pound, and the fisherman regards him as a source of health, happiness, and recreation to himself. Shy, yet bold and resolute, he is pre-eminently the angler's fish. Dear, too, is he to the vendor of tackle, who honours him with many honours and embalms such distinguished individuals as have become famous by reason of size and dignity. He is a bright dream to youth, a tender memory to age. We have been young, nor are we yet old, and we declare solemnly that of all created things not one has been cherished by us with so long and true an affection. The reader will at once comprehend that, in the face of such sentiments and feelings, we cannot at this moment speak on the facial bones or the spinal column of our favourite, whom we prefer to regard as a living delight rather than a dead specimen, dissected for scientific purposes.

The common trout is an inhabitant of the great majority of British lakes and rivers, and where it is not now found, pollutions have destroyed it. Incomparably the most beautiful creature of its class, it never tires us with its sameness, for the variety of its tints are almost infinite. Yellow, however, is the predominant colour, but this tint, above the mesian line, passes into orange, iridescent greenish black, or violet, where it is starred with numberless spots of a vivid red. These great variations in colour appear to be due partly to the quality of the food and partly to the nature of the water in which it lives. The trout that feed largely on fresh water shrimps and small shell-fish, have the most brilliant shades and the finest flesh. The weight attained by this species is even more varied than its colouration, for whilst in clear rocky mountain tarns and streams from three to seven ounces may be given as an average, in rivers where a larger amount of insect and crustaceous food is found, individuals have been taken as heavy as eighteen pounds. In general appearance, also, as well as in form, so great a difference may frequently be noticed, that were a trout from Exmoor or Dartmoor placed side by side with a lordly twelve-pounder from the Thames, we might well feel disposed to question whether both belonged to the same family.

The pines in the Romsdale valley are amongst the giants of their race, but climb the mountain for a few thousand feet on either side this glen of glorious cataracts, and specimens will be found rifted in the fissures of the rocks whose height is less than twelve inches; and yet these diminutive trees show marks of age equal to the vegetable Anaks of the vale below. As it is with the trees in this splendid Norwegian valley, so it is with the Fario in this bright land of ours. Their size is not the result of age, but of the quality and quantity of their food, and as this is within our power to supply, we shall speak of it at some length hereafter. Trout with intense ocellated spots are generally found in clear, rapid rivers, and in small open Alpine pools. In large lakes, with pebbly

bottoms, the fish are bright and silvery, whilst the ocellated spots are mixed with or replaced by X shaped black spots. In pools or tarns with peaty or muddy beds, the trout are generally of a darker colour, and when enclosed in caves or holes they often assume an almost uniform blackish hue. Brackish, or salt, water has the effect of giving them a silvery coat, without, or with comparatively few, spots, none of which are ocellated. Now, the Salmo Fario inhabits all these different waters, and therefore we need not be surprised at the great variation of colour that prevails in this species. It may not be out of place to give a few instances. In Lough Ouel, County Westmeath, we have taken with the green drake, bright, silvery trout as heavy as 13 lbs., that were marked only with the black crucial figures already mentioned, whilst in the broad and beautiful Belvedere Lake we never met, to the best of our belief, with any specimen that was not *gorgeously* attired in crimson and gold. The former sheet of water is as clear and transparent as a mountain spring; the latter, placed in a rich alluvial flat, has a bed of marl and peat. Again, in the broad expanse of the Shannon, the fish, in form, colour, and quality, are all that can be desired, whilst in a small salmon stream near the Giants' Causeway—rented by us for many a long day—in which the deeper pools are of inky blackness from bog drainage, the trout are as dark, ill-made, and worthless as need be. The fish of Lough Leven, classed—we think on insufficient grounds—as a distinct species *(S. Levenenses)* have long been celebrated for their size and excellence. We take them as examples of the great influence exerted by food on trout in general. In Sir John Sinclair's statistical account of Scotland, published at the end of the last century, we read as follows: "The high flavour and red colour of the fish seem evidently to arise from the food that nature has provided for them in the loch. A considerable portion of the bottom is oozy and spongy, from which aquatic plants spring up in abundance, and so vigorous are they in many parts as towards the beginning of autumn to cover the surface thick with flowers. . . . . But what appears to contribute most to the rich taste of the Loch Leven trout is the vast quantity of a small shell-fish—red in its colour—which abounds all over the bottom of the loch, and especially amongst the aquatic plants. It is of a shape quite globular, precisely of the size and appearance of a linseed ball at a little distance, and the trouts when caught have often their stomachs full of them."

In confirmation of this statement we offer another extract from *The Natural History of Lough Leven*, published in 1808:—"The lake, particularly, contains several species of aquatic testaceous animals, whose shells are sometimes thrown upon the shore in considerable quantities, and are well known to be the favourite food of fishes." This mollusc is the *Lymneus peregra*, a very generally diffused and wandering species. Mr. Gould tells us that the size and growth of fish is influenced to an enormous extent by the nature of their food, and that though trout might be kept alive on bread, they grow much more rapidly if supplied with worms, with greater rapidity if furnished with shreds of beef, but that the growth is infinitely more rapid when supplied with natural insect food. Our old friend "Peter of the Pools," the manager of the Stormontfield Nursery, informs us—"In examining the feeding ponds, especially the new and larger one, I found an aquatic plant growing there, covered with mollusca of various sizes, ranging from that of a mustard seed to that of a small pea." We must, however, epitomize his narrative. This careful observer soon ascertained that the molluscs in question were of the same species as those produced many years ago by the late Mr. James Wilson, of Woodville, Edinburgh, before a commission at Kinross, appointed to report on the condition of the trout in Lough Leven. The fine form and greatly increased size of the parr and the smolts in the Stormontfield ponds had previously attracted the notice of the manager, who at once concluded, and concluded justly, that this improvement was due to the new species of food accidentally imported. Col. J. Whyte, an active sportsman, a zealous pisciculturist, and a close observer, tells us the following anecdote, which we quote from memory:—One of the small mountain lakes on his property abounded with medium-sized, ill-shaped fish, whose flesh was poor, white, and tasteless. They rose well, and were good for sport, and this appeared the best their owner could say for them. Under these circumstances it occurred to the colonel that it might be advisable to import some of the mollusc-bearing weed from Lough Leven. This he did, and within a year or two his small, tasteless fish had grown into fine red trout. From the instances we have offered it is plain that the size and quality of trout can be improved to almost any extent by the quality of their *ingesta*, and further, that it is easily within the power of the owners of our English brooks and streams to supply *ad libitum* the *lymneus peregra*, the food most suited for the full development of the Salmo Fario. Wherever water is moderately pure, and the food good and sufficient for the stock it contains, there we may have red trout, and it is difficult to imagine a more delicate fish.

There are good reasons for believing trout to be long-lived. At Dumbarton Castle, one of these fish died in 1809, which had been kept—as was asserted—in the well for twenty-eight years; and the *Westmorland Advertiser*, in August, 1826, contained, as Mr. Yarrell states, a paragraph respecting a trout which had lived for fifty years in a well situated in the orchard of Mr. W. Mossip, of Broard Hall, near Broughton-in-Furness. It would have been more satisfactory had the weights of these aquatic Methuselahs been added. We believe we have taken trout whose years might have numbered half a score. The heaviest fish of this species which has been captured in England is probably the one recorded by Mr. Yarrell. It was caught near Salisbury, and weighed twenty-five pounds.

We have already said that the common trout is *par excellence* the angler's fish, and what do not we brothers of the angle owe him? Were we to cast up the account, we should be hopelessly insolvent. What a tenacious memory we have of the items. Purple lakes; rocky glen with dashing mountain streams; rivers flowing through pastoral valleys; dewy mornings and breezy evenings, all associated with memories joyous or tender, as we think of those who have been our comrades, some of whom have passed to the happy hunting-grounds; some whose right hands have forgot their cunning, and some who are even now meditating a glorious campaign with us in the coming spring. Nearly two thousand years ago, a poet, who wrote charming lyrics, sang—

Dulce est decipere in loco.

But this is neither the time nor place for trifling, however agreeable, so for fear of getting our tackle into hopeless confusion we will wind up our lines and bid the reader adieu.

THREE NURSERY RHYMES.

A FRIEND of ours, who has evidently been to the Prince's Pantomime oftener than is good for him, tells us that not only moral subjects but local topics can be treated through the nursery-rhyme medium in a manner and to an extent hitherto unknown. In proof of which he sends us the following stanzas. We agree with him that the "manner" is (happily) unknown, and as to the extent, why we say with Othello "To this extent; no more."

ON A RECENT CAUCUS MEETING AT THE GLOUCESTER.

Sing a song of ex-pense.
Profits out of gas,
Four-and-twenty councillors
Talking bold as brass.
When the Council opened
These birds, they couldn't sing:
Wasn't this a dish to set
Before the chairman King?

WHAT BECAME OF THE NAUGHTY PRIGS.

Nickery, pickery, lock,
At half-past twelve o'clock
Police came round—
The thieves were found—
Stickery, quickery dock!

ON A SWAN-HOPPING EXPEDITION.

A Salford Committee
Set off through the city
To see their stores of water;
Refreshments found,
The bill came round
And then—the grumblin' arter!

The *Sun*, the oldest but three of the London daily papers, made its last appearance on Saturday last. It was established in 1792; and the great Commoner, William Pitt, wrote at one time for it.

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The Managers of our various Departments have been for some time past actively engaged in the endeavour to purchase for this **Sale First-Class Goods under value**, and owing to the continuance of The War, and other causes, they have been most successful.

We would here refer to the fact, that the utmost efforts have ever been used to place before our Patrons the **best products of British and Foreign Manufacture**, and that articles of an inferior quality never form part of the **Stock at Britannia House.**

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40 11-4 Size..... at 8s 11d
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50 12-4 Size..... at 12s 6d
30 13-4 Size..... at 14s 6d, usual price 18s 6d
20 13-4 Size..... at 19s 6d, usual price 27s 6d
35 14-4 Size..... at 25s 6d

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369 Pairs... 10-4.. ..... 8s 11d; 11-4 ..... 10s 9d; 12-4..... 13s 6d; 12-4..... 15s 6d; 13-4..... 17s 6d; 13-4..... 21s; 13-4..... 25s 6d; 13-4..... 32s 6d — All Wool

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8 Pieces, 2 yards wide 1s 0½d
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100 6-4 White Damask Cloths 1s 9½d
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6 Pieces 8-4 Half-bleached Table Linen, 1s 11½d, usual price 3s 3d
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A Lot of Soiled Table Linen, very cheap.

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300 Pairs, 3 yards long, at 1s 11d, 2s 9d, 3s 11d, to 7s 9d
400 Pairs, 3½ yards long, at 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11, to 17s 9d
200 Pairs, 4 yards long, at 6s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 9d, to 45s
Swiss Embroidered Curtains, 4 yards long, 21s to 63s

Pure Finished Long Cloths.

20 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 3½d
25 Pieces, 32 inches wide ..... at 4½d
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Horrocks's Long Cloths 4d to 6½d, Crewdson's 5½d to 7½d, Findlay's 4½d to 6½d per yard.

Lancashire, Welsh, and Saxony Flannels.

A Lot of All Wool Shirting Flannels at 10½d, worth 1s 3½d
20 Pieces of 1¼-yard wide Washing Damask 1s 0½d, worth 1s 6½d
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40 Dozens Linen Towels..... at 2s 6d per doz
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250 Print Dresses, of 8 yards at 3s 9d, usual price, 5s 9d
Higher-priced qualities very much reduced

Mantle Department.

Having just purchased the entire Stocks of Two Eminent French Manufacturers, consisting of Rich Lyons Velvet, Cloth, and other Jackets and Mantles, we shall offer them with the remainder of our Winter Stock during the Sale, at the following exceptional prices :—

Mantle Department—Continued.

Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, 35s 6d, usual price, 45s.
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Loose Silk Velvet Jackets, handsomely trimmed, 3 and 4 Guineas, usual price 4 and 5 Guineas
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Very Handsome Pattern Jackets, of Rich Lyons Velvet, 5 Guineas, worth 8 Guineas
Our Very Best Pattern Velvet Jackets, 7 Guineas, worth 10 Guineas
Loose Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 10s 6d, ordinary value 15s 6d
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 15s 6d, ordinary value 21s
Loose and Semi-fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 21s, ordinary value 31s 6d
The New "Coattee" All Wool German Cloth Jackets, 31s 6d, ordinary value 45s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 42s ordinary value 55s
Loose or Fitting Black and Coloured Cloth Jackets, 49s 6d, ordinary value 63s
The colours in the above are choice shades of green, brown, claret, mulberry, blue, &c., &c.
A Special Lot of French and German Black Cloth Fitting (Pattern) Jackets, at 2 and 3 Guineas, worth 4 and 6 Guineas
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120 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 6s 11d, ordinary price 10s 11d
70 Queensland Wool Shawls, at 9s 11d, ordinary price 15s 6d
50 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 19s 6d, ordinary price 29s 6d
35 Reversible Wool Shawls, at 25s 6d, ordinary price 35s 6d
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50 very beautiful French Silk Dresses, at prices ranging from 4½ Guineas up to 7½ Guineas the Full Dress prices before the war would be at least double.
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The present Stock of Japanese Silk Dresses will be cleared off at a great reduction; prices from 25s 6d to 39s 6d the Full Dress

Trimmed Robe and Costume Department.

In this Department we hold a very large Stock of Made-up Dresses, Costumes, &c., principally from Berlin, the Prussian manufacturers having been of late very successful in their designs.
Repp and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 10s 6d, with boddice
Repp Serge and Wincey Trimmed Robes, at 21s, with boddice
Costumes, with Jacket complete, 29s 6d, former price, 42s, in French Merino, Serge, and other Foreign Fabrics
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 35s 6d, former price, 50s in Satinlaine, Repp, and Serge, handsomely trimmed
Costumes, with Jacket complete and Lined Flannel, 49s 6d, former price, 63s, in Satinlaine, Saltmyrel, and Austrian Cloth.
Costumes of Five Articles, Jacket inclusive at 59s 6d, usual price, 5 and 6 Guineas, very elegant Prussian patterns, trimmed fur, and in other fashionable styles
A Lot of Black Silk Trimmed Robes and Costumes, from 3½ to 9 Guineas, upon which large reductions have been made
50 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 10s 6d, Summer Stock
60 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 15s 9d, Summer Stock
40 Trimmed Robes, with boddice, at 21s, Summer Stock
A few elaborate French Costumes, at 59s 6d, original prices 5 and 6 Guineas
The foregoing Four Lots are of most extraordinary value
Several Lots of Prussian Costumes, complete in Lawn, Linen, and Cambric, will be cleared off at prices ranging from 12s 6d to 39s 6d

Bonnet and Hat Department.

We have bought for cash the Stocks of several eminent Modistes and Hat Manufacturers, at immensely reduced prices, consequent on the continuance of the war. These purchases include a large collection of Millinery, Pattern Bonnets, and Trimmed Hats, in highly distinguished modes. The Hats unstrimmed embrace an extensive choice in Velvet, Crape, and Real Seal. We have confidence and pleasure in assuring our friends that, having regard to the superior excellence of the goods here announced, the prices will be found to offer very extraordinary advantages, as follows :—

RICHARD BATEMAN'S GREAT ANNUAL SALE, CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.

Bonnet and Hat Department—Continued.

Millinery Bonnets, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual price 2 and 3 guineas
Trimmed Hats, from 10s 9d to 21s, usual prices 30s to 2 guineas
Black Silk Velvet Hats, 2s 11d and 3s 6d, worth 7s
Black French Velvet Hats, 5s 11d, worth 9s 6d
White Felt Hats, 3s 6d and 4s 6d, worth 8s 6d
Coloured Velvet Gipsy Hats, 4s 6d, worth 12s 9d
High Crown Seals, 14s 9d, worth 21s.
Seal and Grebe, 5s 11d, worth 12s 9d
Seal and Grebe, 12s 9d, worth 21s
We have just received an assortment of elegantly trimmed and untrimmed Straw Bonnets for early Spring, which we shall charge "Sale Prices."

Dress Department.

Comprising Satinlaines, Silk and Wool Repps, Serge, Winceys, French Merinoes, Stuffs, and other Dress Materials, in colours and black. The following Lots represent purchases for the Sale, much under value, and the major portion of our ordinary Stock classified into the following Lots. We believe the whole to be of unsurpassed value, and invite comparison.

Lot 1. 2700 Yards best French Satinlaines, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 2. 2870 Yards French Satinlaine, 2s 3d, worth 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 3. 2158 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 4. 2978 Yards French Satinlaine, 1s 4½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 5. 1892 Yards English Satinlaine, 1s 2½d, worth 1s 8½d, in colours and black
Lot 6. 2351 Yards English Ribbed Satinlaine, 1s 6½d, worth 1s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 7. 1739 Yards Best French Repp, 3s 11½d, worth 4s 9d, in colours and black
Lot 8. 1943 Yards French All Wool Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 9. 2070 Yards French Silk Repp, 2s 11½d, worth 3s 6d, in colours and black

Dress Department—Continued.

Lot 10. 1032 Yards French All Wool Repp, 1s 11½d, worth 2s 6d, in colours and black
Lot 11. 2051 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 1½d, worth 1s 6½d, in colours
Lot 12. 1500 Yards English Wool Repp, 1s 0½d, worth 1s 4½d
Lot 13. 1670 Yards English Wool Repp, 9½d, worth 1s 0½d
Lot 14. 972 Yards Best Wool Serge, 1s 11½d, usual value. 2s 11½d, in colours and black
Lot 15. 911 Yards Super Wool Serge, 1s 6½d, usual value, 1s 11½d, in colours
Lot 16. 1097 Yards Diagonal Cloth, 10½d, usual value, 1s 2½d, in colours
Lot 17. 3089 Yards French Merinoes, in all shades, 1s 11½d, a very cheap lot, usual value, 2s 6½d, in all colours
Lot 18. 4037 Yards Figured Alpacas and Russel Cords, 7½d, usual value, 10½d
Lot 19. 2009 Yards Real Aberdeen Winceys, 10½d, usual value, 1s 3½d
A Lot of Remnants and Single Dress Lengths, of good materials, all at 6½d per yard
A Lot of Remnants of Satinlaines and Best Materials, all at 1s per yard.
We have much confidence in drawing notice to our Stock of Scottish Tartans, in all the favourite Clan patterns. The Sale prices will be found under those of the manufacturers at Perth
Lot 20. 2350 Yards Best Scottish Kirtle Tartans, at 2s 6d, usual price, 3s. 6d
Lot 21. 1132 Yards 4-4 Scottish Kirtle Tartans, 1s 11½d, usual price, 2s 11½d
Lot 22. 2050 Yards Clan Tartan Camlets, 10½d, usual price, 1s 6½d
Lot 23. 1391 Yards Clan Tartan Satinlaine (best goods), 2s 11½d, usual price, 3s 11½d

Ladies Underclothing Department.

100 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Tucked Skirts, 1s 9½d, 2s 3d, 2s 11d, 3s 6d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d.

Ladies' Underclothing Department—Continued.

75 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Frilled Skirts, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, up to 9s 11d
90 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Embroidered and Frilled Skirts, 7s 11d, 8s 11d, 10s 11d, up to 25s
60 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, 1s 6½d, 1s 11½d, and 2s 6d
50 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Drawers, Embroidered, 1s 11½d, 2s 6d, 3s 3d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d, to 10s 9d, handsomely trimmed
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, 1s 11d and 2s 9d
70 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Chemises, Embroidered Fronts, 2s 11d, 3s 9d, 4s 9d, up to 12s 6d
40 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Plain Night Dresses, 2s 11d to 6s 9d
80 Dozen Ladies' Long Cloth Night Dresses, Embroidered Fronts and Cuffs, 3s 3d, 3s 9d, 4s 6d, 5s 11d, to 10s 9d

Ladies' Irish Cambric Handkerchief Department.

1,000 Dozens, commencing at

1s 3d the Half Dozen	3s 6d the Half Dozen
1s 9d the Half Dozen	4s 6d the Half Dozen
1s 11d the Half Dozen	5s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 3d the Half Dozen	6s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 9d the Half Dozen	7s 6d to 14s the Half Dozen

Ladies' Irish Cambric Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs:—

2s 3d the Half Dozen	4s 6d the Half Dozen
2s 9d the Half Dozen	5s 6d the Half Dozen
3s 6d the Half Dozen	6s 6d the Half Dozen

Fur Department.

The Stock of Furs, which include Sable, Ermine, Miniver, Grebe, &c., &c.; Muffs, Collarettes, Ties, and Cuffs of the best manufacture, will be cleared off at the Cost Prices

Evening Dress Department.

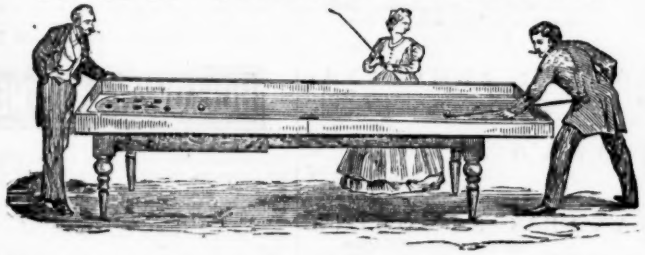
The whole of our Evening Dress Attire, comprising Grenadine, Tarlatan, and Muslin Dresses, Feathers, Flowers, Caps, and Head Dress, we shall submit at greatly reduced prices

RICHARD BATEMAN,

BRITANNIA HOUSE,

18 & 20, OLDHAM-STREET, AND DALE-STREET, MANCHESTER.

NO HOME WITHOUT AMUSEMENT.



BAGATELLE TABLES

OF SOLID MAHOGANY, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, CUE, MACE, BRIDGE, BALLS, &c.,
Of the Best Make and Finish, 35s. to £15 15s.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES OF 100 NEW GAMES, POST FREE.

5,000 PRESENTS, FROM 1s. TO £15 15s.

WORK BOXES, DESKS, INKSTANDS, DRESSING CASES, MUSICAL ALBUMS, &c. Lists Free.

PRIZE MEDAL ROCKING HORSES, 15s. 6d. to £10 10s.

OWEN, 1, OLDHAM STREET, & 80, DEANSGATE.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; EWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

JAMES THORNTON, Jun.,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
103, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespere-street), having recently commenced business on his own account, respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.

If, therefore, the neighbouring gentry would kindly favour him with one trial, he trusts they will never have occasion to regret the encouragement thus given to a young beginner.

SPECIALITIES.

Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
Dinner Wine, guaranteed a pure Sherry ..30s. per doz.
Irish and Scotch Whiskies.....18s. and 21s. per gal.

THE SPHINX'S
List of Tradesmen,
OR GUIDE TO SHOPPING.

(For Terms for Advertising in this List apply to THOMAS POWELL, 39, *Blackfriars Street.)*

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

HAMPSON, Piccadilly. Proprietor of the Fluodentine for Teeth; also Payne's Taraxacum Cocoa.

FURNITURE DEALERS.

GIBSON, Furniture Dealer, 78 Oldham Street, and 90 to 96, Stretford Road.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.

GENERAL DRAPERS.

RICHARD BATEMAN, 18 and 20, Oldham Street, and Dale Street. Particular attention to his Annual Sale, which is now taking place.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A. LAFOSSE, 32, Victoria Street.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS, Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Euston-street, near Hampstead-road, London. N.B.—Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.

The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

THE MANCHESTER ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The following are the arrangements connected with the ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE and EXHIBITION of the Works of Members, Associates, and Students of the above Society, to be held at the Manchester Royal Institution :—

Private View on Tuesday the 7th of March, from ten a.m. to four p.m. ; Conversazione on the evening of the same day, at seven o'clock, morning dress. On these occasions those only to whom cards of invitation have been issued are eligible for admission. The Exhibition will be open to the public in general from ten a.m. to five p.m. on the following Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.—Admission sixpence.

H. H. HADFIELD, Hon. Sec.

MR. E. DE JONG begs to announce GRAND PLOMENADE CONCERTS, At the Free Trade Hall, on Saturday Evenings, March 11th and 18th.

BAND OF FORTY PERFORMERS.

The Programme of the first Concert will include the Overtures to "Masaniello," "Fra Diavolo," and "Mirella ;" a Grand Selection for Full Orchestra from "Faust," and popular Dance Music by Strauss, Gungl, &c.

Vocalist—Madame FLORENCE LANCIA.
Solo Flute—Mr. DE JONG.

The entire Area of the Hall will be thrown open for Promenade.

Admission, 1s. ; Gallery Tickets, 2s. ; Private Boxes, £1 1s. each, can be had of Mr. Cowley Squier, music seller, 24, Cross Street.

Doors open at Seven ; Concert to commence at Half-past Tickets can be had at all the music shops.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

THE UNRIVALLED PANTOMIME

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS TREASURE OF A CAT, EVERY EVENING AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Box Office open daily from eleven to two.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.

BAND

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY

Admission, Sixpence each.

NEW ICE FOR SKATING EVERY MORNING.

DURING THE FROST.

ROYAL HIPPODROME, PETER-ST.

Commencing Every Evening at Half-past Seven. NEW and LAUGHABLE SCENES in the ARENA. Thrilling Acts of Horsemanship.

And, in addition, the Grand Equestrian Spectacle of DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK AND DEATH OF BONNY BLACK BESS will be represented.

Prices as usual. — Box office open daily.

To Railway Companies, Engineers, Toolmakers, Brokers and others.

MR. J. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN has been honoured with instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, on Wednesday and Thursday next, March 8th and 9th, 1871, at Twelve o'clock noon, the Whole of the Truly Valuable FOUNDRY TOOLS and EFFECTS, now used by Messrs. Seed and Crawshaw, at Syke Foundry, Stacksteads, near Bacup : consisting of cupola, moulding boxes, ironfounders' tools, several planing and slotting machines, single and double geared drilling machines, single and double geared lathes, wheel-turning lathe, single and double geared self-acting slide and screw-cutting surfacing lathes, engines, boilers, and shafting ; mandrils and blocks, strapping, files, chisels, and drifts ; smithy tools and steam hammer, together with all the valuable patterns for carrying on a first-class engine and toolmaker's establishment.—The Auctioneer can with confidence recommend to the trade the above tools and effects.—Catalogues may be had seven days prior to sale.—For further particulars, apply to Mr. William Hadfield (Messrs. Hall and Pickles), 64, Port Street ; or to, William Slater, Solicitor, No. 4, Norfolk Street ; or at the Auctioneer's Offices, 34, Cannon Street, all of Manchester.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES. The best and safest remedy for coughs ; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes ; or, direct from he depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb. parcels carriage paid of any part of the kingdom.

WAR VICTIMS' FUND, for the Relief of the Non-combatant Sufferers in the Districts Devastated by the War, distributed by unpaid Commissioners of the Society of Friends.

Subscriptions may be paid at the King Street Branch of the District Bank, or to

JOHN HODGSON, 51, Piccadilly,
WILLIAM BRADSHAW, Eccles New Road,
Secretaries to the Local Committee.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

[Read this with care and attention.]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others ; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrow-root, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA. Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA is very economical. May be used with or without Milk. Recipes on each Package. 6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers. Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

ALEXANDRA HALL,

PETER STREET.

THIS (FRIDAY), LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.

AND

BENEFIT OF

HARRY RICKARDS,

The Celebrated London Comic.

LARGE STAFF OF EXTRA ARTISTES.

Undiminished success of French's Sensational

DEMON BALLET.

THE WAR TABLEAUX.

MARIE LAWSON,

The Versatile Serio Comic.

ANNIE CASTERTON,

The "Toy Girl." &c., &c.

Monday Next, Grand Change of Company.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,

LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

In consequence of her immense success,

MISS WEBSTER,

Soprano and Ballad Vocalist, is Re-engaged for 6 Nights.

First Appearance of

THE BROTHERS RIDGWAY,

The wonderful marvels of Persia.

LAST WEEK

OF

M. ELLIOTT and MISS FREDERIKA

From the Grand Opera, Paris, and Theatre Royal Covent Garden, in their celebrated SKATING SCENA, embracing some of the most elegant and beautiful movements ever exhibited in this graceful accomplishment.

THE BROTHERS WELLS

Negro Vocalists, Instrumentalists, and Dancers.

Engagement of

MR. and MISS ALLNUTT.

MR. HARRY SEFTON,

The celebrated Comic Vocalist and Grotesque Dancer. The Original Dancing Spider.

MR. TOM SAYERS,

Comic Vocalist, Son of the late Champion of England.

Director of the Entertainments ..... Mr. T. ACTON.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

AND PILLS.

Sure Relief.—The weak and enervated suffer severely from nervous affections when storms or electric disturbances agitate the atmosphere. Neuralgia, every pangs, and flying pains, so distressing to a delicate system, may be readily removed by rubbing this Ointment upon the affected part after it has been fomented with warm water. The Pills taken occasionally in doses as prescribed by the instructions keep the digestion in order, excite a free flow of healthy bile, and regenerate the impoverished blood with those richer materials, which result from thoroughly assimilated food, and in the absence of which, the strongest must inevitably soon sink into feebleness, and the delicate find it difficult to maintain existence. Holloway's Ointment and Pills are infallible remedies.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable. they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

All communications relative to Advertisements are to be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 39, Blackfriars Street, Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space

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BEN. HOWE, TAILOR & CLOTHIER, 4, ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER.